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busied in compiling features from the world around them, he seemed busy in impressing in outward form something that was within his own mind. He became endeared to us by many touching and beautiful traits of character before we ever dreamed of the nearer tie which was to connect him with us, in his marriage with my sister, now unhappily dissolved by death.

"I continued to prosecute my studies after my return from Europe, in spite of many household occupations, and the birth of children. The experience of years has enabled me to blend domestic and literary pursuits not inharmoniously, and far from railing at the common duties of life, I have learned to believe that such cares and responsibilities are a great support to women, and able to counterbalance most advantageously the extravagances of a poetical temperament. In the years that followed I published little, though never relinquishing the pursuit and hope of poetical excellence. I visited Europe again in 1850, and remained absent some fourteen months.

"After my return, I wrote and published the volume of poems called 'Passion Flowers,' and for the first time became practically acquainted with the 'World-side view' of authorship. Two years later, my second volume, 'Words for the Hour,' made its appearance. It has been less read than its predecessor; I think it the more thoughtful and artistic work of the two; but the world must decide which it likes best. I have since, as you know, brought out and published a stage play, 'The World's Own,' which has had very warm friends, and equally ardent enemies. Neither of these have materially altered my own view of the merits of the work. I know that its motive was an earnest one—I know that its elaboration was thorough, painful and conscientious; I believe that in its whole course I have kept near to the nature of man and of woman in the relations which form its subject, and I am compelled to think that its severest critics have not been the friends either of high art or of worthy living. I have only to add, that within the last ten years, I have been a careful student of Swedenborg, Comte, Hegel, Dante, Virgil, and others, and that I find the society of these great minds a joy above the pleasures of authorship, the pains of criticism, and the petty cares and greater trials of life."

We have reserved little space in which to refer to the poetry of this lady. The

volume "Passion Flowers," published anonymously, in 1853, we think, excited singular attention. Its clear, reliant diction, treating lightly the rules of art—its pathos and power—its freedom from affectations and morbid passion—its beauty of imagery and clear converse with nature—served to create a marked sensation in literary circles. The press throughout the country quoted largely from it; and "who is the author?" became a general inquiry. Its authoress could not long be concealed; and, since the secret became known, Mrs. Howe has been a "bright particular star" in our literary firmament. The second volume, named—"Words for the Hour"—possessed all the excellencies of the first work, and also betrayed more attention to the requisitions of rhythmical construction, giving to her lyrics the easy flow of exquisite expression. The volume fully sustained the impression made by her first book. "The World's Own," to which she refers, was brought out in Boston and New-York, in the winter of 1855-6. It was not a theatrical success; owing, somewhat, to the nature of the subject, but more, we think, to the want of experience, on the part of the author, in writing for the immediate apprehension and excitement of a popular audience. Thus "The Cenci" is not an acting play, owing to the unwillingness of Shelley so to subdue expression and incident as to render them touching and acceptable to a promiscuous assembly. What may be read with interest in the closet, may shock the mind when its interest is intensified by the illusions of the well-ordered stage personation. None knew this fact better than Shakspeare, and his most revolting characterisations are made perfectly acceptable and proper, through the care and caution with which they are introduced and managed, as well as through the counterbalancing characters sure to be thrown in for relief. Mrs. Howe, we think, went at her subject too deliberately, too directly, threw in too little sub-character for relief, allowed too free utterance to the feeling of the moment; and the consequence was, the audience, unprepared for such directness, refused to sanction the play; and the press condemned in whole what a more competent judgment would simply have qualified in part. "Theatrical critics" of our press, with few exceptions, are illy fitted for their office. When we see them applaud such mongrel drama as now usurps the stage, we can

easily infer that the drama of a higher intellectual and ideal character must meet with their disapproval, or, what is worse, with their inappreciative "criticism."

That Mrs. Howe possesses the requisites of a great dramatist, is the impression of all best qualified to judge; and we can but hope she will devote much of her labors to that almost neglected field of our literature.

UNDER THE ROSE.

From the French of Alphonse Karr,



OUR yellow rose is the souvenir of a curious history.

It was my habit to visit, some two years since, an elderly lady residing in my neighborhood, whom I admired for her *esprit*, no less than for her amiable and benevolent disposition. She was passionately fond of flowers, and you would scarcely credit the pains I took in arranging the bouquets that I occasionally presented, or how delighted I was at her astonishment at receiving a flower that was rare to her, or of a variety not common in the country.

I met at her house, the other evening, an old gentleman who has lately taken possession of a very large property in the neighborhood, which he had inherited from some distant relative, on condition that he should assume his name, and who, in consequence, is known as M. Descondraies.

He caused himself to be presented at my old friend's, and I might with reason be jealous of his delicate attentions. The acquaintance soon ripened into a mutual friendship, and they spent nearly all their evening together at tric-trac.

I saluted silently, without interrupting the game. When it was finished I offered Madame Lorgere a bouquet of yellow roses, which I had brought for her.

My roses were very beautiful, which was not the case with the yellow roses of that year, the frequent rains having seriously interfered with their florescence. Mine, however, being protected by an overhanging roof, were, perhaps, the only ones that were well opened. Madame Lorgere exclaimed with delight at the sight of the bouquet.

My flowers elicited no remark from M. Descondraies, who was apparently absorbed in reflection. I was at a loss to

account for their mysterious influence upon him; but presently Madame Lorgere engaged his attention by some remark, which diverted mine from the circumstance. After a moment's silence, he remarked:

"You do not know that this bouquet recalls, as if by magical process, an epoch of my life that relates entirely to my youth. Within five minutes I am twenty years of age! within five minutes I am again in love with a woman who should be sixty years old, if, indeed, she still lives. I must relate to you this history; it is a circumstance that has exerted upon my whole life a great influence, and of which the souvenir, even at this day, when my blood has scarcely heat enough to nourish my life, and to enable me to play at tric-trac, affects me to an extraordinary degree."

"I was twenty (it is now more than forty years ago), and had just left college, where they used to keep young men longer than they do now-a-days. After having sagely chosen for me, without my concurrence, a profession, my father one morning announced to me that he had obtained my appointment as lieutenant in the regiment of * * * in garrison in the city of Auvergne, and bade me hold myself in readiness to leave in three days."

"I was somewhat taken aback by this for several reasons: In the first place I had no taste for military life, though that was, in sooth, an easily overcome objection; the sight of a rich uniform, a few exciting phrases, and a little martial music would soon have made me an Achilles or a Cæsar as they preferred."

"But I was in love."

"Not for the world would I have thought of hinting a word of this to my father, his only reply would have been an order to depart that very evening. But I had an uncle—and such an uncle!"

"He was a man of about the same age as I am now, but he remained young in spirit; not selfish, for no old man ever renounced with a better grace, the pomps and vanities of Satan but for the sake of others. He loved the young; he understood them without being envious of them. He did not consider his infirmities as advancements, nor old age necessarily wisdom; but by dint of good sense and good nature, he lived for the happiness of others. He mingled in all the generous follies, in all the noble weaknesses of youth; he was the confidant and protector of all

their loves, of all their debts, of all their hopes. I sought him then, and said to him, 'I am very unhappy, my uncle.'

"'I will wager twenty louis you are not,' replied he."

"'Ah! uncle, don't jest. Besides, you would lose.'

"'If I do, I shall pay: perhaps that will help to console you.'

"'No. my uncle, there is no question of money in my trouble.'

"'Let me hear it then.'

"'My father has just announced to me that I am a lieutenant in the regiment ———.'

"'A great misfortune, truly. One of the most gallant uniforms, and all the officers gentlemen.'

"'But my dear sir, I don't wish to be a soldier.'

"'How? You don't want to be a soldier?—Do you happen not to be brave, eh?'

"'I don't know that, as yet; however, I should'n't permit any one but you to ask such a question.'

"'Well, then, Cid, my friend, why don't you want to be a soldier?'

"'Because I want to get married, uncle.'

"'W-h-e-w!'

"'There is no whew about it, uncle; I am in love.'

"'And you call that a misfortune, you ungrateful fellow? I wish it was I that was in love, I assure you. And who is the object of so chaste a flame?'

"'Ah! uncle, she's an angel.'

"'By-and-bye you'll prefer to love a woman. However, what is this angel's name?'

"'She is called Noemi.'

"'That is not what I asked you. For you, Noemi is all in all. To be sure, it's a pretty name; but for me, who want to know who the angel is, and to what family she belongs, her family name is necessary.'

"'She is Mademoiselle Amelot, uncle.'

"'The devil! that is better than an angel; a graceful, tall brunette, with eyes like black velvet. I do not disapprove of the choice.'

"'Oh! if you could only appreciate her soul—'

"'I know; I understand. And you are repaid by a return, as we used to say in my time. Is that the way you express it now?'

"'Indeed, uncle, I don't know.'

"'How! you don't know, unworthy

nephew? You are every day at home in her house, and you don't know yet whether she loves you?'

"'She does not even know that I love her, uncle.'

"'Oh, indeed! You deceive yourself there, my fine fellow, and you prove your inexperience in these matters. She knew it at least a quarter of an hour before you knew it yourself.'

"'My dear uncle! all that I know is, that I shall kill myself if I do not obtain her hand.'

"'Oh! Ah! Very well, my brave fellow, there are many chances that your wish will not be gratified. Your father is much more wealthy than hers, and I very much doubt whether he will give his son.'

"'Then, uncle, I know what I shall do.'

"'Indeed? What is it? Do nothing stupid at least, and listen to your uncle.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'In the first place, it is impossible for you to marry at twenty.'

"'Why so, sir?'

"'Because I do not chose to let you, and without me this marriage cannot take place.'

"'Oh! my dear, kind uncle—'

"'If the girl loves you, and if she will promise to wait for you three years—'

"'Three years, uncle!'

"'Do not argue the question, or I shall make it four. If she agrees to wait for you three years, you shall join your regiment.'

"'But, uncle—'

"'But not at Clermont. I will have you exchanged into a regiment quartered at a short distance from Paris, so that you can visit her at least once in every three months until your probation has expired.'

"'It must be as you please, uncle; but how shall I know whether she loves me?'

"'How shall you know, sir? Zounds! By asking her.'

"'Oh, sir, I shall never dare—'

"'Then take leave of your father, and pack your trunk.'

"'But, sir, you do not know this girl; I have tried a hundred times to tell her that I loved her—I have despised myself for my timidity—I have thought of a hundred devices—I have learned fine speeches by heart—I have written letters, but hang it, at the critical moment, I have felt as if the first word was strangling me, and I have dodged the question. Her expression is so sweet, and at the same time so

chaste, that it seems to me incapable of an earthly passion. As for the letters, they were even more difficult. At the moment of presenting them, they appeared to me so insufferably stupid that I could not tear them in sufficiently small pieces.'

"At all events you must end this matter, my boy. Your father has not told you all; if he sends you to Clermont, it is because the colonel of your regiment is his particular friend, and has an only daughter; it is a rich and honorable match.'

"But—"

"I know very well what you are about to say; that all this is nothing in the present case. To be sure, love is a great piece of stupidity, that I should be sorry never to have committed. I know very well that old men call these matters illusions, but who can say that the illusion is not in their own minds? The glass that diminishes an object, is not more faithful than that which magnifies it.

"If she loves you, it is your duty to sacrifice everything for her—it may be thought foolish, but it is right, and you must do it; but you ought to know her sentiments, and the occasion is fortunate to elicit them. You have a rival in this affair, my nephew; you are pale at this idea; would you like to measure the distance between you and him with your sword? Very well; try to display a little of this courage in the presence of the beautiful Noemi. Her friends wish to marry her. You are richer than she, but your rival is richer than you; moreover, he has a title, and still more, he is a husband to her hand, and the *corbeille* is all ready, whereas you will occasion some delay. Go and see Noemi—tell her that you love her; she is aware of it; at all events, it is well to do it; ask her, if she returns your affection, to wait for you three years, and to write me a letter to that effect which I will keep; then I will break off the other match; I will procure you a commission in another regiment, and in three years, in spite of your father, in spite of everything, I will then marry you to Noemi.'

"Uncle I have an idea."

"What is it?"

"I will write to her."

"As you please."

"I left my uncle, and set about my epistle. There was no difficulty in that, for I had already written fifty letters; it was the delivery of the letter that embarrassed me. But as there was no help for it, I

bought a bouquet of yellow roses, and slipped the billet into the centre of the bouquet.

"It was, perhaps, a very silly note, but I remember it to this day.

"After the avowal of my love, I besought her to return my affection and to be faithful to me for three years. I begged her, in token of her consent to this, to wear one of my yellow roses in her bosom; then, continued I, 'I shall dare to speak with you with regard to my—may I not say our mutual happiness?'"

"Ah! so you placed the note within the bouquet?" said M^{me} Lorgerel.

"I did, Madame."

"Well! and afterwards?"

"Alas! Noemi wore no rose in her bosom that night! I wished to kill myself; but my uncle carried me off in spite of myself to Clermont, ingratiated himself with the young officers, and succeeded at length in consoling me, and convincing me that Noemi never loved me.

"And yet, uncle," exclaimed I, 'she seemed always so glad to see me; she reproached me so tenderly when I came late.'

"Ah! the women accept the love of every one, but it is not every one they love in return."

"So I finally succeeded in nearly forgetting her and married the colonel's daughter, whom I lost after eight years of marriage. I am, therefore, alone in the world now, for my uncle is long dead; yet, would you believe it? I still sometimes think of Noemi, and the wonder is, that I always seem to see her chestnut curls, and, as my uncle said, her eyes, while in truth she must be a somewhat aged dame by this time."

"Then you do not know what has become of her?"

"Not in the least."

"Ah! your real name is not Descondraies, then?"

"No; it is the name of my uncle's estate; my name is Edmund d'Altheim."

"Can it be true?"

"How can you doubt it?"

"I can tell you the fate of Noemi."

"What say you?"

"I say that she loved you."

"But the yellow rose?"

"She never saw the *billet*. Your sudden departure grieved her deeply. Finally she espoused M. de Lorgerel."

"M. de Lorgerel?"

"M. de Lorgerel, whose widow I now am."

"What! you? are you Noemi Amelot?"

"Alas! yes; as you are, or rather as you no longer are, Edmund d'Altheim."

"Just Heaven! who would have believed that the day could arrive when we no longer should recognize each other?"

"Is it not strange—and that we should only meet again to play tric-trac?"

"But the bouquet—"

"I have still kept in my possession."

Madame Lorgerel tremulously opened an ebony box, and drew out a faded bouquet.

"Untie it, untie it!" cried M. Descondraies.

In the centre of the bouquet was found the billet, which had remained there forty-two years.

Both were silent. I rose to leave; M. Descondraies also rose.

Madame Lorgerel seized his hands and said to him: "You are right; the passions of youth scarcely become faces scarred like ours with age. Let not our noble sentiment, which, perchance, will give happiness to the rest of our lives, be a subject of ridicule. Do not return for a few days."

Since this time the aged couple are constantly together. There exists between them an attachment that I have scarce seen equaled. They renew together the details of this love which was never confessed. They have a thousand things to tell each other. Their love is retrospective, and they would still marry, but they dare not.

 A correspondent of the London Mechanics' Magazine makes an inquiry regarding the possibility of obtaining artificial white light, by making it pass through a series of glasses tinted according to the prismatic spectrum, neglecting the yellow ray, of course. A very great improvement in the color of the artificial light could easily be effected by employing globes or shades of a very faint purple color—purple is composed of the red and blue rays of the spectrum, which, properly combined with the yellow ray, produce white. The light produced by wax and tallow candles, and by oil and gas under combustion, is yellow in color, this being the reason why we can scarcely distinguish between blue and green colors at night by artificial illumination.